



# The Fate



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## Chapter 1 by honyay

Shivers are sent rushing down his spine while he glares at the sun as it sets. His partner walks over, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"You've done pretty swell, kid," he speaks, slapping the kid on the back.

"Thank you, sir!", the kid speaks with the slightest of stutters as he wields a sword on his back.

The man sets up a campfire, as the cold night dwells over them. They look out above the forest, the owls and birds chirping behind them. The man rubs the kid's back, and he slowly drifts to sleep. The man wraps a towel around him.

"Sleep tight, kiddo."

The next morning as the kid woke up, the man was gone.

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